

Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.

*Mar.* But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.

*Titus.* If there were reason for these miseries,  
Then into limits could I binde my woes:  
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?  
If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,  
Threatning the welkin with his big-swolne face?  
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?  
I am the Sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:  
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:  
Then must my Sea be moued with her sighes,  
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,  
Become a deluge: ouerflow'd and drown'd:  
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
But like a drunkard must I vomit them:  
Then giue me leaue, for loofers will haue leaue,  
To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues,

*Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.*

*Mess.* Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,  
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:  
Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.  
And heeres thy hand in scorn to thee sent backe:  
Thy griefes, their sports: Thy resolution mockt,  
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,  
More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*

*Marc.* Now let hot *Bona coole* in *Cicilie*,  
And be my heart an euer-burning hell:  
These miseries are more then may be borne.  
To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,  
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

*Luci.* Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,  
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:  
That euer death should let life beare his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

*Mar.* Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

*Titus.* When will this fearefull slumber haue an end?

*Mar.* Now farewell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,  
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,  
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:  
Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere sight  
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,  
Euen like a stony Image, cold and numme.  
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,  
Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hand  
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight  
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:  
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?

*Titus.* Ha, ha, ha,

*Mar.* Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.

*Ti.* Why I haue not another teare to shed:  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,  
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.  
Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Cause?  
For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,  
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,  
Till all these mischiefs be returned againe,  
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.  
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,  
You heauie people, circle me about,  
That I may turne me to each one of you,  
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs.  
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,

And in this hand the other will I beare.

And *Lavinia* thou shalt be employd in these things:  
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betwene thy teeth:  
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,  
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,  
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an army there,  
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,  
Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe. *Exeunt.*

*Manet Lucius.*

*Luci.* Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:  
The woful'st man that euer liu'd in Rome:  
Farewell proud Rome, til *Lucius* come againe,  
Heloues his pledges dearer then his life:  
Farewell *Lavinia* my noble sister,  
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,  
But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* liues  
But in obliuion and hateful griefes:  
If *Lucius* liue, he will requit your wrongs,  
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empresse  
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.  
Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a power,  
To be reueng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*. *Exit Lucius.*

*A Buzzer.*

*Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy.*

*An.* So, so, now sit, and looke you eate no more  
Then will preferue iust so much strength in vs  
As will reuenge these bitter woes of ours.  
*Marcus* vnknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:  
Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands  
And cannot passionate our tenfold griefe,  
With foulded Armes. This poore right hand of mine,  
Is left to tirranize vpon my breast.  
Who when my hart all mad with misery,  
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,  
Then thus I thumpe it downe.

Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signes,  
When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating,  
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still?  
Wound it with sighing girle, kil it with grones:  
Or get some little knife betwene thy teeth,  
And iust against thy hart make thou a hole,  
That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall  
May run into that sinke, and soaking in,  
Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares.

*Mar.* Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay  
Such violent hands vpon her tender life.

*An.* How now! Has sorrow made thee doate already?

Why *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I:  
What violent hands can she lay on her life:  
Ah, wherefore dost thou vrge the name of hands,  
To bid *Aeneas* tell the tale twice ore  
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?  
O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,  
Least we remember still that we haue none,  
Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke  
As if we should forget we had no hands:  
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands.  
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,  
Heere is no drinke? Harke *Marcus* what she saies,  
I can interpret all her martir'd signes,  
She saies, she drinke no other drinke but teares  
Bred with her sorrow: mesh'd vpon her cheekes,

*Speech.*

Speechlesse complaynet, I will learne thy thought:  
In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect  
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.  
Thou shalt not fighe nor hold thy stumps to heauen,  
Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe,  
But I (of these) will wrest an Alphabet,  
And by still practice, learne to know thy meaning.

*Boy.* Good grandsire leaue these bitter deepe laments,  
Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.

*Mar.* Alas, the tender boy in passion mou'd,  
Doth weepe to see his grandsires heauinesse.

*An.* Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,  
And teares will quickly melt thy life away.

*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*  
What dost thou strike at *Marcus* with knife.

*Mar.* At that that I haue kil'd my Lord, a Fly.

*An.* Out on the murderour: thou kil'st my hart,  
Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tirranie:  
A deed of death done on the innocent  
Becoms not *Titus* broher: get thee gone,  
I see thou art not for my company.

*Mar.* Alas (my Lord) I haue but kild a flie.

*An.* But? How: if that flie had a father and mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings

And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,

Poore harmelesse Fly,

That with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came heere to make vs merry,

And thou hast kil'd him.

*Mar.* Pardon me sir,

It was a blacke illfaur'd Fly,  
Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kild him.

*An.* O, o, o,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou hast done a Charitable deed:

Giue me thy knife, I will insult on him,

Flattering my selfes, as if it were the Moore,

Come hither purposely to poyson me.

There's for thy selfe, and thats for *Tamira*: Ah sirra,

Yet I thinke we are not brought so low,

But that betwene vs, we can kill a Fly,

That comes in likenesse of a Cole-blacke Moore.

*Mar.* Alas poore man, griefe ha's so wrought on him,

He takes false shadowes for true substances.

*An.* Come, take away: *Lavinia*, goe with me,

Ille to thy closet, and goe read with thee

Sad Rories, chanced in the times of old.

Come boy, and goe with me, thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quartus.

*Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and  
the Boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme.*

*Enter Titus and Marcus.*

*Boy.* Helpe Grandfater helpe, my Aunt *Lavinia*,  
Followes me euery where I know not why.

Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,

Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.

*Mar.* Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thy Aunt.

*Titus.* She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme.

*Boy.* I when my father was in Rome she did.

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*Ti.*

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